241
242
452
232

/For information on the role of the Farmer's Association, especially in regard to agricultural extension work, applied animal science, money lending, as an agent for the provincial government's food bureau, etc., see category 474./

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

she answered, "when the pigs are big enough." In explanation she continued, "Do you think that a poor family like ours could afford to *buy* two pigs in order to give our son a proper wedding?"

Almost every family in the village raises at least a few pigs. They are of three types: the native Taiwanese, the Berkshire, or a crossbreed of the two. These pigs are kept in sties which are typically constructed with mud floors, bamboo sidewalls and straw roofs; they are either attached directly to the side of the house or situated several yards away. Some rather recently constructed sties in the village, however, are more modern; they are specially designed with cement or brick floors and walls and cement tile roofs. The local Pu Yen Hsiang Farmers' Association usually subsidizes the construction of a few such sties in each village every year, paying about one-quarter of the total cost of construction.

For the most part, the care and feeding of pigs is the responsibility of the village women and older children. Much time is spent preparing pig food. This consists of sweet potatoes and certain green vegetables grown especially by the farmer for his pigs and other livestock. This is all cooked in a starchy water called "rice soup," which is the water in which the family's rice is washed before it is cooked. According to the Farmers' Association and government agricultural agencies, it is not necessary to cook pig food, but their word has not been very effective in the village. Most villagers, despite the great amount of time it takes, still continue to follow the traditional way of preparation in the belief that pigs will not grow fat on raw sweet potatoes.

Every few days the pig sty is cleaned out. This is usually done for the important purpose of collecting the excrement and the rice straw, which partially covers the floor, for use as fertilizer. Compost is made from the dung and used for various crops. Uncovered compost heaps are usually found alongside the pig houses, and it is not unusual for some garbage to be added to the heap. Children as well as fowl can often be seen climbing on the open compost heap.

When a pig becomes ill it is common to call a local veterinarian. Sometimes the farmer himself will give the sick pig a shot of the penicillin which can now be readily purchased in Lukang.

Possibly as a result of a lack of selective breeding, a somewhat inadequate diet and inadequate use of antibiotics, unsanitary living conditions and the climate, pigs in Hsin Hsing usually take from nine to fifteen months to reach full size, a good deal longer than similar breeds take in America. When a pig does reach full growth, a tax must be paid by the farmer to the government at the Public Office before it is slaughtered. The tax must be paid whether the farmer is selling the pig or using it for his own purposes. Pigs are usually sold to a butcher from a village in the area or from Lukang.

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

from a village in the area or from Lukang. The price brought by the pig varies according to the market rate. If the farmer takes the pig to the butcher himself, he receives extra payment for his trouble.

When a villager sells his pigs he holds a *pai-pai* to pay homage to the god of the pig house. The worship is held near the pig house and consists of "vegetables and rice" (cut-up meats and fish in a soup), "sacrifices" (a whole fish and a whole piece of meat), incense, and paper imitation money. The food is usually then served to invited village friends and *ch'in tsu*. Since the occasion is not considered really festive, no *ch'in ch'i* from outside the village are invited for the dinner.

There is hardly a village household which does not raise some chickens, ducks, and geese. Few villagers sell either the fowl or the eggs but use both for village festive—usually religious—occasions. These are practically the only times that most village families will eat what they consider such a fine and expensive food as fowl. Of the three, chicken is the most highly prized and is considered the most nutritious and delicious of all meats.

There are farmers in other villages in the area who specialize in raising ducks and chickens. They sell their fowl and eggs to the markets in Lukang or other towns. On rare occasions a Hsin Hsing villager may go to such a farm to buy eggs for some special festival when more eggs are needed than his own flock can supply. Hsin Hsing villagers, like most villagers in the area, do not hatch their own eggs. Itinerant merchants on bicycles come through the villages and sell baby chicks and ducks. Although all fowl roam freely about the village and there are no fences to keep them from straying, if a chicken or duck disappears and is later found dead, the villagers can usually identify their own. They seldom lose a fowl or confuse another farmer's with their own. Some villagers do, however, cut a special mark in the web between the duck's toes or apply a dab of colored paint to their geese.

At night the fowl are usually kept under bamboo cages, since few villagers have anything which resembles a chicken house. The area is plagued by large rats which frequently kill chickens and ducks at night; a villager often loses several birds in one week. Disease also takes its toll of the village stock. The villagers do not know what these diseases are, and they watch helplessly while sometimes as many as a quarter of all the fowl in the village die within two weeks. No veterinarian is called.

Women and girl children care for the household's fowl, which involves little more than feeding them twice a day. Chickens, geese, and ducks are mainly fed white rice and specially grown green vegetables. Geese are fed sweet potatoes as well. The women also slaughter the

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien
Taiwan AD6

cans salvaged from the garbage dumps of American military installations. In the next store a pall of dust hangs on everything. This is a small coal-kerosene-rice store, and the debris from the hand-operated rice polishing mill makes everything, even the black coal, a shade lighter. Toward the back there are baskets of charcoal and bundles of neatly cut twigs and branches, carefully graded and tied. Against the back wall are stacked bottles of wine and beer, their necks entwined with cheap handmade rope. The piquant, not quite fresh smell in the air comes from next door, the store we called the pickle shop for want of a better name. Huge jars of pickles—pickled cabbage, pickled radishes, pickled eggplants, even pickled eggs—fill the front of the store, the more expensive delicacies displayed in glass jars, the more routine in heavy, waist-high earthenware crocks. Only a few are preserved in vinegar. Most are salted and allowed to season for several months, or dried in the hot, baking summer sun, or soaked in soy sauce, herbs, or wine. The unlighted rear of the store is brightened somewhat by the gaudy labels on a few shelves of canned foods. They are expensive, not as tasty as the local product, and often dangerous with age and contamination. Nearer the front are the precious tins of powdered milk, a mother's only solution to a dry breast in this damp climate where dairy cows quickly succumb to tuberculosis.

The heart of the town, or at least the source of the greatest commotion each forenoon, is the roofed food market. The market would be difficult to locate were it not for the overflow of shoppers and farmers. The entrance is little more than a narrow alley between two store-fronts, an alley made even narrower by the half dozen farmers squatting there amid their baskets of produce. These are men who can't afford to rent stalls under the protection of the roof or farmers who happen that day to have some surplus vegetables or a sudden shortage of cash. Just a few steps down the alley is the open market shed itself and what seems to be a disorganized profusion of produce heaped on trays, piled in baskets, spread on tables, or simply stacked on the bare packed earth: fresh onions, cucumbers, garlic, an infinite variety of melons and squash, eggplants, bamboo shoots, and occasionally fresh mushrooms brought in by some enterprising merchant with Taipei contacts. Scattered between and on top of the vegetables are bananas, papayas, pineapples, guavas, and a few precious apples imported from Japan. Adding a sinister note to the confusion of produce are the meatstalls with carcasses of pigs hanging on huge hooks,